

September 22, 2022

[REDACTED]

Dear Judge Davila,

My name is Billy Evans, and you hold the life of my partner in your hands. Writing this letter has been one of the hardest things I have ever done given the gravity of our situation, because it concerns the two people who matter most to me, Elizabeth (who I call Liz) and my son [REDACTED].

I greatly appreciate the time you have and will continue to dedicate to Elizabeth's case. I appreciate you giving me the opportunity to help you understand who Elizabeth Holmes is. I attended most of the trial, and I know you didn't have the opportunity to see all the ways in which Liz is the best person I have ever met.

How We Began

Liz and I met at a friend's Fleet Week charity event in the fall of 2017. I had planned to stop by the event and leave shortly after. When I walked up to thank the host for having me, he introduced me to the three people he was chatting with. One of them was Liz, and the two of us immediately connected. We walked away from the others, and it was as if the rest of the world ceased to exist. She was wearing a sunhat, had oversized glasses on and was trying her best to stay under the radar. I didn't recognize her to be anyone I knew. Minutes later the pleasantries turned to real and meaningful conversation. It was strange to feel so comfortable and willing to share with someone who I didn't know. I was captivated by her childish wonder and authenticity. She listened more intently than anyone I had ever met. Liz was astonished by the amazing things all around us, the things that so many become jaded to after repeated exposure (each time a plane passed overhead she would remark about how inspiring the engineering, the mastery of the pilot in commanding his plane or the coordination of the Blue Angels was). She didn't take what was before us for granted for a moment. It was through her eyes that I could appreciate the beauty of what was happening all around me. She made me feel like I was reconnecting with an old friend. We spoke for hours, I lost track of time, and even if I didn't know it... I fell in love. She pulled out her business card, scribbled her personal cell on the back and then it clicked who she was.

We were "just friends" for the first six months. I was admittedly hesitant to dive in given all that had been said, Liz had been consistently vilified in every piece of media imaginable. It wasn't just a few bad articles in the WSJ, it was a character assassination that had been amplified in an echo chamber of a thousand loud voices. While that negative press was loud, her silence was deafening and didn't make sense. The hardest thing to understand was why she wouldn't fight the narrative. It would take me years to understand this came from her strict adherence to following her council's guidance. I was naturally conflicted, the person I knew did not align with the narrative others had crafted. I was traveling for work 20 or so days a month but the limited time I spent in the Bay Area was spent with

Liz. I was determined to think independently, to trust my heart. She captivated me, I had never met anyone who was so kind and curious. She approached every conversation with humility and a genuine interest to learn. We hiked the trails of the Santa Cruz mountains, cooked meals at her house after work and flirted with hesitancy to put our friendship at risk for a shot at a romantic relationship. We would take long walks with her Husky Balto. He was her constant companion and she treated him with so much love. I feel like you can learn so much about someone from how they treat animals and her love for him was evident. We would talk about the hard things it takes most people a lifetime to open up about. It was so natural. She was in the middle of relentless media attacks; having fallen from the heights she had been elevated to in the press. Liz was gentle and naive, the polar opposite of what public opinion was. The more I got to know her the more I loved who she was. It was not long before the friendship turned into something more. We started to see more and more of each other. Weekend bags and doppel kits at each other's homes for weekend stays turned to permanent residents. The conversation started on the rooftop that warm day in October was only the beginning. Our lives became intertwined, our friend groups, our dreams for a future. So much hope.

Dreams, Lessons, Possibilities

One constant subject of our conversation in those early days was our dreams for what was possible. Our dreams of the future, that which we hoped to build. I was working for a company with lofty goals trying to solve an important social problem with novel hardware technology. The similarities between Theranos and my business were many. We both had shared experiences of late nights spent with engineering teams, fierce dedication to a meaningful mission despite odds greatly stacked against success and the many other difficulties that accompany hardware companies in Silicon Valley. Learning about her mission and the real why behind Theranos inspired me. Her innocence and identity had been taken from her at Stanford. She had set out to dedicate her life to one of continued service, to rebuild her identity through a life worth living, sacrificing herself by building a life inextricably tied to seeing her vision for access to healthcare through. In early 2018, while her company was in its death throes, she seemed sure that there was a light at the end of the tunnel, that the business would make it.

Liz has always approached life through the lens of what is possible. It shows up in all sorts of ways. She approaches hard problems and easy alike, constantly in search of a solution and with a belief in doing what most others would deem impossible.

Earlier this year, while pregnant, she decided she wanted to swim the Golden Gate Bridge. There were fifty reasons I thought it was a bad idea, the sharks, the tides, her complete inexperience swimming post age 14. Liz swam as a child, her only event being short distance breaststroke. She was determined to make miles long open water swim having never swam any significant distance or in open water before. But her goal was set, in her mind she could do it. While I would never discourage her from attempting such a feat, I knew the odds were slim. She trained daily in the pool, and trips to the ocean for a swim were frequent. Vacations to the beach left me sitting on shore watching her orange cap get swallowed by swell after swell as she would slowly cross sharky water. But she got faster, the breaststroke improved. Rain or shine she practiced, and her determination was overpowering the odds against her. Two weeks before the event she made the cut off time, swimming the breaststroke. I was wrong, you would think by now I would learn to not discount her perseverance.

When our dog Balto had been carried away by a mountain lion from our front porch Liz had faith that he could still be alive. She searched for 16 hours in brambles, and poison oak to find him. It was only once she saw his lifeless body that she could come to realize that he was gone. It crushed her. I knew he was dead in those long-drawn-out hours searching but her certainty in the possibility of his survival gave me a sense of hope. But that's Liz for you, she's constantly hoping and working towards the best outcome, even if it is unlikely. She believes deeply in the goodness of the world and all those around her. She is deeply guided by faith.

Impact on Me

Liz has had a positive impact on me in countless ways. She built me up and gave me strength to do that which I couldn't have imagined otherwise. She has taught me a patience with others and myself that I would have previously dismissed as unnecessary and soft. Liz is infinitely patient to the point I often need to remind her to voice her own wants or needs in situations otherwise they go unnoticed.

Her selflessness knows no bounds. While we have been together for 5 years I am still left amazed by her capacity to always put others first. Just last month our whole family contracted Covid. Liz was pregnant with 104* fever, and our son, Liz's parents and I had temperatures in a similar range. I focused on my health, the health of my family and cooking healthy meals to help us all fight the bug. I put work on hold and focused on family. Liz on the other hand took on an extra 12-hour remote shift for the crisis line she works on all the while tending to our sons every need. Her health continued to decline and the OBGYN suggested a trip to the ER given the state of her pregnancy. This too didn't stop Liz; she continued her work on the crisis line through the entirety of her hospital stay and took multiple calls from women who were grappling with the greatest trauma of their lives. Liz did it without thinking, because they were hurting more than she was, because it was "the right thing to do". Her willingness to sacrifice herself for the greater good is something I greatly admire in her.

I have never known her to put herself first in any action over the 5 years we have been together. Never once. It's always the last pieces of her favorite chocolates for a house guest, an hour to advise an aspiring female entrepreneur just days after giving birth, in reading these letters you will come to realize how Liz is the go-to person for so many that are dealing with life's hardest moments. So many have leaned on her during their hardest times, and she gives herself without hesitation to anyone in need.

So much of what has been written about Liz is untrue. While I would posit nearly every negative attribute I have read about her is false, so are many of the positive traits that are mixed in with those common misconceptions of greed and self-centeredness. Liz has been called an incredible salesperson, that she wooed investors, partners, and employees with a sales pitch so compelling that they couldn't help but to be involved. The truth is stranger. Liz has no ability to "sell something"; she simply believes in things with such depth that it is alluring. She believes deeply in her life's mission. Liz is not a traditional natural born leader; she is more of a zealot than a showman. She believes with religious fervor in the capacity to make the world a better place and everyone around her just so wants that one truth to be possible we end up believing in the impossible alongside her.

I love these qualities in her. I love her selflessness, her belief in what is possible, her trust in the goodness of others. And yet these same wonderful things that are so fundamental to who Liz is, are also her fundamental weaknesses. She is gullible, overly trusting, and simply naive. When we first met, she let me in more than she should have. She trusted someone who could have very well had nefarious intent. I saw it time and time again how these things worked against her. She would be invited out with a group of new “friends” only to be left the bill. Liz wouldn't mind, she would happily pay, seeing it as a way to give her friends an experience. People would seek her out, befriend her and use her for her unparalleled network, to have an introduction made to help their business move forward, and help themselves personally in some way. And Liz was totally blind to this. She believed that these new friends had her best interests in mind. I know it might be hard to believe the degree of this naivete, but it is something in Liz that is hard to miss once you have seen it. My best judgment is that given her goodness and her selflessness she is incapable of considering how others would act in ways so counter to her fundamental source code. This has been her Achilles heel, and others have found it and exploited it. Her vulnerability is their opportunity.

Our Love

It is hard to distill what Liz means to me. I have struggled to adequately convey it. She is my whole life, my mentor, my guide during the darkest times of self-doubt and inadequacy. She approaches my greatest mistakes the same as my limited triumphs, with an unwavering love and gentle touch. Liz is so focused on our family – on building a future not only for my son and myself but the inclusion of our original nuclear families as well. Family is incredibly important to Liz and me. We speak with our parents daily and Liz does everything to include the new grandparents in [REDACTED] life. Liz captures the small moments of our everyday life with such joy. Not just the first moments of note but the ordinary ones. Liz finds the amazing in these everyday moments and doesn't take it for granted.

She captures 50 or so photos a day, comments on them and sends sets to each of the grandparents with photos she knows will bring the most joy to each of them, because she realizes the extent to which this legal battle wears on them and wants to bring them happiness. Liz's parents live in DC, and mine in Southern California but each day they see their grandson smiling and laughing as he learns and navigates the world. Liz has done this each day of the last year, through court, breast feeding, late nights with a sick baby and early mornings braving the paparazzi not out of obligation but because she knows how much it means to our parents to be a part of our lives, especially after having limited relationship with her family during her relationship with Sunny.

This has been true from the beginning of our relationship. Early on she helped me mend a relationship with my brother that needed love and patience that I didn't possess. We had fallen on rocky times when I met Liz - my brother was largely estranged and was going through hard things. I wanted to help, but I had lost hope in my ability after dozens of failed attempts. I am embarrassed to say that I and much of my family had given up. But giving up simply is not in Liz's DNA. She worked to build her own relationship with Rex, she loved him, listened to him, and brought him back into our lives. My closeness to my brother is all thanks to her. I cry when I think of how close I was to losing him. I am reminded by this as I just returned from the first trip we took together in over 8 years. We spent 7 days rafting down the CO river and it was perfect. I am so proud of the man he has become, in no small part because of Liz's determination and patience.

Our Greatest Fears

While Liz is incredibly hopeful, I realize she is terribly scared. This process is a string of unlikely events that lawyers, advisors and board members all told her would never come to be. She built the business with people who said they would be there through anything when the times were good. Events they told her they would be with her by her side, in the unlikely event that they did happen. Events that as they become more likely those same people wished her good luck from afar. And once they were clear and present danger those people actively distanced themselves when personally convenient. She has largely faced these events alone. She doesn't hold ill will towards any of the people who turned away, abandoned or turned on her for self-interest when it made them look good to do so. That's not the type of person she is.

Her nightmare of being raped at Stanford was replaced by the nightmare of 12 monstrous years with Sunny which was then replaced by the nightmare of losing her life's work and the vilification to follow. It's been a long road of hardship for her. All that being said, we have found peace in this storm. She now lives what she and I both believe to be a dream. Some days are painful, but we are grateful. We have found true love in one another, in the building of our family and the sheer amazement of watching our son grow up before our eyes. My son [REDACTED] at the time of writing this letter has just passed his 14th month on this earth. I wish you could see his happiness; his deep belly laughs that Liz helps encourage and the confidence of a young mind who does not yet appreciate some of the difficulties this world has to offer him. His bond with Liz is incredible, I think it is all she has ever wanted, to love and care for someone so fully. I wish you could hear how she sings to him every morning when she brings him out of his crib and tells him how his day and the life ahead has so much good in store for him. I wish you could walk with us in the mornings and see how she has turned the fear he once had for the neighbors' horses into a carrot feeding frenzy that would leave you smiling on even your hardest of days. I wish you could see Liz and I dancing in the kitchen, [REDACTED] in our arms, giving him "doubles" as we kiss both sides of his cheeks. I wish you could see the mile long grin and four buck teeth smiling back at us when he catches Liz and I kissing or embracing each other. I wish you could see how she is as enthusiastic to change his diaper as she is to paint with him and read to him. Her joy and appreciation of every moment has only increased from the first day we met. I wish you could see how she rocks him to sleep every night while singing Amazing Grace and telling him the tales of a boy who values kindness, honesty, and generosity above all else. I wish you could hear how quickly she can turn his cries of exasperation to giggles as she helps calm his tired mind.

The growth of our son is our greatest blessing. He lights her life with a future that surpasses even the most improbable dreams of her youth. It is this love, this dedication to our 1-year-old son [REDACTED] that leaves her sleepless, sweating through the sheets and full of nightmares. It's what has her worried about getting enough sleep so the baby she is currently building gets the rest it needs. The fear that there is a distinct possibility that she will be forcibly taken from her son, her whole life. My heart is broken with the thought of spending any days away from Liz, for a future in which my son grows up with a relationship with his mother on the other side of glass armed by guards. The gravity of time without her is hard for me to comprehend.

Many people will make arguments that you should have leniency to ensure she can help others, to ensure she can invent great things or lift up a woman facing the unimaginable reality that she has been raped, and incarceration will limit her capacity to do those things. I agree with them, but with total humility I am selfish in wanting her. The thing that matters to me is my family. I want my son

to have the benefit of his mother and her endless patience, her determination to teach him and learn from him, to sing to him every night and morning and nap time; I want him to get to know her through the small mundane moments of everyday life that she makes spectacular. She turns these ordinary moments into magical experiences of unbounded love and wonder. I want him to grow up with her influence to trust others and balance my skepticism. The idea of building life without her is crippling.

Her capacity to change the world is limitless. I have never known a mind so creative and selflessly dedicated to bettering the lives of all of those around her both at the individual level and more broadly. Even this week she has spent hours working on draft state legislation to help ensure victims of sexual violence and rape will be granted their survivors rights and receive the care they need. She has turned her most painful personal experiences into a mission to help the thousands of voiceless men and women get access to resources that could change their lives, resources that were not afforded to her. She has spent the better part of her life setting out to put her dent in the universe, to alleviate pain and help others, to change the world. But for me it is simpler than that. I selfishly want her to continue to shape my world, my son's world.

I finally like the person who I have become. I'm proud of the father Liz has helped me become, I am proud of the relationship we have with our families and friends, I am proud of many things now that I was not before I met her. She may have ultimately failed to change the world in the way she set out, but she has undeniably changed mine.

She continues to hold me accountable, not with harsh words or criticism but with a love and acceptance that has caused me deep reflection on the improvements I can make in my life to begin to reciprocate the immense unjudging and unwavering support she has shown me.

The Price We Will Always Pay

The price Liz and our family pays for this process is not just the potential incarceration that you will decide. In ways large and small, the process itself has daily costs.

While there were many people by her side during 'Theranos' growth, Liz has largely faced the aftermath of those events without her former colleagues. Many private expressions of support have turned to silence because of the risks they would face for publicly standing by. She has already faced the loss of her life's work, 15 years of tireless dedication to her mission, a noble cause. She now faces widespread public scorn, and she faces the loss of her freedom, the loss of raising our children

While some relationships have been lost due to the press and their salacious portrayal of events, I would posit that a vast majority of her relationships have been lost due to the process. For 15 years Liz's whole life was her business and the people who dedicated their lives alongside her to build their collective dream. The people she loved the most, her friends, her family were her first investors and part of the company. Now with an ongoing legal case she finds herself unable to communicate with friends and mentors she spent years with. Recently we heard from a friend that a board member's wife was recently diagnosed with a terrible terminal disease. Liz was devastated first by the news, then by the feeling of helplessness in her inability to take action. Liz wants more than anything to grab the keys and drive the short 10-minute drive over to their home. All she wants is to do what anyone would want, to hold them in an embrace, cry with them and give them and their family the

love they shared with her, in so many of her darkest hours. These people were a second set of parents to her, loving mentors whose dining table were a source of refuge when times were at their worst, but not now. She can't be that support for them because of her respect for this process. This kind woman has been handed a death sentence, and Liz was left begging lawyers to allow her to send an email to express her sorrow and support. It has created immeasurable pain and isolation for both parties in these relationships. The people who were once closest in her life are now inaccessible and I see how with each passing year of silence the relationships fall away. It has been 4 years since the indictment. Her respect for the process, for the court's rules, have had profound impacts on the relationships with family and friends, a number of which have passed away before the relationship could be rekindled.

Our privacy is limited. When we are in public, Liz is nearly always incognito. Large sunglasses, her hair tucked up beneath a baseball cap, head down. She walks through public places trying to hide, but it doesn't do much good. Once we were 5 miles down a trail in a national forest and a passerby took out their phone to snap a picture. It is incessant. The one place we can hope to have privacy is our home. We have taken significant precautions. We use PO boxes for our mail, use backdoors, we rarely eat out and tried to rent in quiet buildings in SF for two years. That didn't work. A reporter from CNBC broke into our apartment, falsified documents to join the building's community forum and impersonated a tenant to try and interview other residents as she went door to door. We left the apartment after she leaked our address and put our safety at risk. Liz received significant threatening mail and we felt unsafe. It's hard to know which threats may get serious. Our next apartment in the city was discovered not long after. So, we moved out of the city and onto the road. We spent 6 months traveling the national forests and parks of this country in a truck camping beneath the stars. While this nomadic life was my idea, Liz embraced the frenetic beauty of it, and we often reminisce about how it was the favorite place we ever lived. The peace and quiet out of the spotlight was refreshing. Walmart parking lots and rundown campgrounds gave us a much-needed solace. Winter came and it was time to find a more permanent solution.

I found a secluded home out of the city that I thought would be safe for our family. I rented it in my name, sent our mail to alternative addresses, and instituted a serious security protocol to try and insure privacy, but still they found us. Days before her trial began and I first walked into your courtroom they again leaked our address, this time with a make-believe story about my ownership of an estate the likes of which I couldn't begin to afford. This resulted in people coming to our home throughout the trial.

I'm always worried by the car that slows down at the end of the driveway to pull something up from their lap, is it their phone to check directions to snap a photo? Is it something more sinister? A quiet afternoon playing in the front yard with my son and Liz has been spoiled on more than one occasion by the buzzing hornets' nest sound of a drone coming in close for a shot or a person trespassing to our home to find Liz. Our privacy is constantly invaded. Threats of harm online are limitless. I sleep lightly, constantly worried that those angry words might one day turn to action.

I have had friends fade away without reason and family members who no longer associate with me. I have been uninvited from weddings. My son has been avoided by other families not wanting to expose their children to my family. I have had hundreds of my friends, colleagues and acquaintances hounded by reporters looking for a scoop. We sleep with our shutters closed, missing the beauty of each sunrise to help insure our privacy. This will follow us for the rest of our lives. There is no

avoiding the scorn that accompanies Elizabeth Holmes. The above examples are but a few of the ways in which I have personally paid the price for this public witch hunt. I will endure it. My parents, every member of Liz's family, all of our close friends, supporters and business partners have had similar experiences, they have paid a similar cost. It is true for all of them. While Liz thinks little about her own suffering, it is the pain her family and friends have suffered and the costs that they have paid that hurts her most. She hurts because of the thousand ways in which those close to her have paid the price. It is never about her.

My Plea

And now I must ask you to please help her. To help her help others. Her life will be one lived to its fullest potential. One of service to others and dedication to causes both great and small. And a life dedicated to protecting our son from the world Liz has now realized requires a bit of hesitation alongside her hope. She has paid the price of expensive lessons learned so he doesn't have to.

I ask you to consider who Elizabeth Holmes truly is. I ask you to get to know her through these letters and the outpouring of love and support she has. The fact that Liz still has the support she does, despite the risks of associating with her is a testament to her goodness. Many of the letters you will read were written and submitted by loyal people who know their careers and public standing will be put in jeopardy because of their public support for her. We have had multiple friends write letters who were told by superiors (who have never met Liz nor have any direct knowledge about the circumstances) that they would be fired for supporting her. Many people who sent letters ultimately could not submit them because they had to put themselves first. But the ones you'll see nonetheless feel compelled to help, to put themselves in harm's way to tell you what otherwise might be missed. I admire their bravery. Reading their letters, I am still surprised to learn about all the ways she has impacted these people's lives. Especially when considering that for 15 of her 38 years she ate, breathed, slept and single mindedly dedicated herself to her mission. While I know I am biased beyond anyone else, I believe in her deeply and I will continue to stand by her through the darkest times.

It is so very hard to distill what Liz means to me. I have struggled to adequately convey it here, though I am desperate to do so. I just hope, Your Honor, that my letter helps you know her. That these words ripped from my heart and thrown on this page can help you see what I know to be true.

If you are to know Liz, it is to know that she is honest, humble, selfless, and kind beyond what most people have ever experienced. Please let her be free.

Humbly,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'W. J. ...' or similar, written in a cursive style.